

20 years ago i sat  
in the backseat of  
the caddy let clam  
wind curl my hair  
i was dreaming of  
being skinny now i  
am i was counting  
the men who whistled  
dreamed in my white  
old fashioned dress  
with pink velvet  
belt of being loved  
of being famous  
It doesn't seem so  
long ago In 20  
more years i'll be  
an old lady maybe  
sit near the dunes  
in a quilt of gulls  
smell the pines in  
wind damp as skin,  
hug the same moon

#### THURSDAY NIGHT

in this dream  
i am finally  
with the man who  
plays the cop  
on mary hartman  
it's all right  
in fact it's  
perfect does  
this mean i  
want a. some  
charmer again  
or b. be  
punished by a  
blonde and blue  
eyed c. does  
it mean i'm  
not getting  
any or d. just  
want to take  
the law in  
my own hands

i'm brown getting  
skinny but i feel  
a bitch as if i've  
lost more than fat  
that i can't use  
Beach roses smell  
like dust the cat  
sleeps all day eats  
and sleeps again  
i've said all the  
things that have  
been boiling inside  
me and now feel  
flat down blue  
as the cove may  
be tomorrow The  
smooth white stone  
i found on the  
long walk back  
sweating july  
out is the only  
thing that seems  
smooth feels  
good to touch

BOSTON MAY 1976

bricks the color  
of lips under  
water too long  
kids yell money  
or monkey the  
old man i wonder  
about any mercy  
st in this town  
gas light cars  
gassing up for  
that last for  
ever and not 1  
bookstore that  
carries any  
book of mine